

Bad Love An Alpha's Regret by Elise Sinclair Chapter 6

Chapter 6

Every bone in my body aches. And I have a fever.

Sweat pores out of my skin and I'm wracked with chills I can't control.

I clench my teeth to keep them from chattering.

I wrap myself in the heavy down comforter on the bed. It smells damp, whether that's from me sweating or because this room is seldom used and it's in need of washing, I can't be sure.

Abruptly, the door slams open.

I try to lift my head, but I'm too weak, too sore.

There's screaming and two of the guards hold back a tall male.

And then Aaron's huge wolf roars...

"What the hell did you do to her!?"

That voice.

I know that voice.

"Adam?" How is Adam here?

Aaron slams him against the wall.

I stagger upright. Adam is my best friend from home.

"Is this who you snuck away with, you whore?"

I gasp and stumble, both from Aaron's words and from being so weak.

The room is spinning.

Adam and Aaron are screaming and growling and being held apart. Both partially shifted into their lycan forms.

I don't know why, but I feel compelled to get between them so they won't fight.

But as I stumble away from the bed with the comforter wrapped around me, I can't seem to stay upright.

Next thing I know I'm falling and all around me the sounds and sights begin to darken.

It's like night rolling across the sky, but there is no moon or stars, just a wave of black that masks

everything in absolute darkness.

Huh. Maybe this is dying.

My last thought before...nothing.

3/9

When I open my eyes again, I'm in Aaron's room.

The huge suite has dark blue walls and a giant bed. The white sheets are silk and soft and smell like him.

I sit up slowly.

There's a tray of food beside me. I should be hungry, but I'm not. After going so long without food, I've lost my appetite. Maybe that's a good thing. I read somewhere that fasting can help cleanse the body of defective cells.

Maybe Aaron did me a favor.

Adam's sitting on a chair. He's a few years older than me. A couple of inches over six feet tall, with light brown hair and light green eyes. He's good looking. Nice. Calm. Even as a child, he was an intellectual, where the rest of my pack was singularly focused on war.

"This isn't my room," I say.

Adam shrugs. "Your husband insisted."

"How are you here?"

"Why the hell didn't you call me?" he says.

4/9

I reach for the glass of orange juice. It's probably going to burn my stomach, but the sweet, fresh juice has me salivating.

I take a careful sip and try to gather my thoughts.

I was locked in a room, so weak I fainted. Now I'm in Aaron's room and my childhood friend is here. And he's angry I haven't called him!?

"Adam." I hold the glass in both hands. "We haven't talked in years. Why would I call in the first place? If you missed me so much, you could've called me."

I get to see my family a few times a year. There are even escorted visits back to my

packlands. Only home doesn't feel like home anymore.

Everyone there...they've moved on.

So when I come back, it's always awkward. Like seeing me is a reminder of what they did to secure their way of life.

Adam stands and then leans over the bed, one arm on either side of me, caging me in in a move I'd expect from Aaron, not my old childhood friend. He starts examining my eyes. Prying open my mouth to look down my throat.

"Dude... stop."

"No. You came to my pack hospital, Leah. I run that facility. Did you seriously think that Dr. Henley wouldn't share your bloodwork?"

I gasp.

That explains why he came. Because he knows I'm sick.

He shoves away from the bed and paces the room. "Does your piece-of-shit husband know?"

cringe. "Lower your voice," I tell him. Aaron has fought over lesser insults.

He freezes. "Then he doesn't know."

I shake my head.

"You need to tell him."

"Why?"

Adam's mouth drops open.

"Seriously. Explain to me why I should tell him anything."

Adam's pensive. Finally he says, "Fine. Leave the bastard in the dark. But then come home."

6/9

With my days numbered... I'm not sure I want to spend them there either.

"Leah, you need to come home."

Do I? I'm not so sure. "Let me spell some things out for you. I was barely thirteen years old when my mother died and my

father dragged our pack into even more brutal battles with the Rathborns. My mom was killed by the very bastards I've been forced to live with all these years. Not a day goes by that

I am not reminded of her, that I don't miss her."

He frowns.

"I wanted to stay with my family. I needed them. I was devastated and grieving. But instead, my father pledged me, like some piece of chattel or a fucking pawn to an Alpha who has hated me and everyone of my bloodline since before I was born."

Adam crosses his arms.

"I was taken away from my family and everyone I've ever
7/9

known. I was imprisoned here. I've never been respected or made to feel welcome. I'm not treated with kindness. Not even by my husband-and I'm ten times the fool, because I loved that brute, and actually wanted to become his bride."

"Leah, you have-

"Let me finish. My love has been one-sided for far too long." I think about that for a moment. As a teen, I latched onto Aaron because he was nice to me. Some twisted form of Stockholm

Syndrome surely.

Or just the desperation of a too-young, too-dumb girl.

But I'm not that girl anymore.

"Leah, I've read the reports... You're terminal. You are going to die."

"Yes. We all die, Adam. Some sooner than others."

"Your husband is an Alpha. He can mate you. Maybe he can force your wolf to rise."

Does he think I haven't already thought of all of these things?

"There are risks," he goes on, "but you have a chance."

I eat a few bites of bread and my stomach knots around them.

Biting a human to 'turn' them is a rite that requires approval from the Council and even when it is sanctioned, very few humans survive the transition. I might get a pass given my lineage, and we could forego the formality of

petitioning them

since I am already Aaron's wife, but that still doesn't mean it would work. And if he mates me...

"What then, Adam? At best I'm stuck, forever bound to a man that hates me. At worst, my sickness kills him through our bond, and then we're right back to war."

He clasps my hands. "There are treatments, Leah. I graduated from NYU. I did my residency at MD Anderson. I'll pull together a treatment plan. You can fight this."

Yes, I suppose I can.

But do I want to?

Adam's hands are smooth and tapered. The hands of a surgeon. Not a warrior. He wears a suit and an expensive watch. He's a powerful, wealthy, high-ranking member of my father's pack. Most females would fawn over him.

His bright blue eyes search mine. "I can take care of you, Leah..."

I'm still thinking about his offer when there's a growl at the door.